

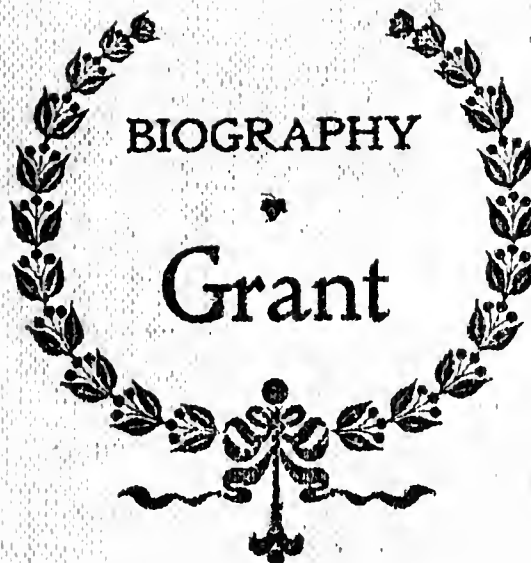
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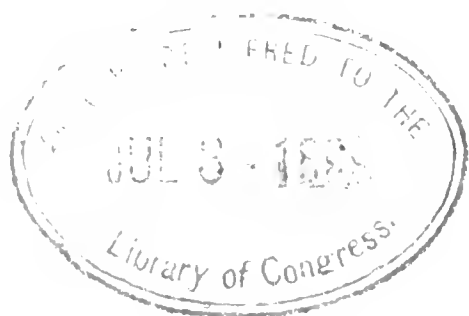
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE STORY
OF
A GREAT GENERAL
ULYSSES S. GRANT

BY
HENRY W. ELSON, A.M.



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PUBLISHERS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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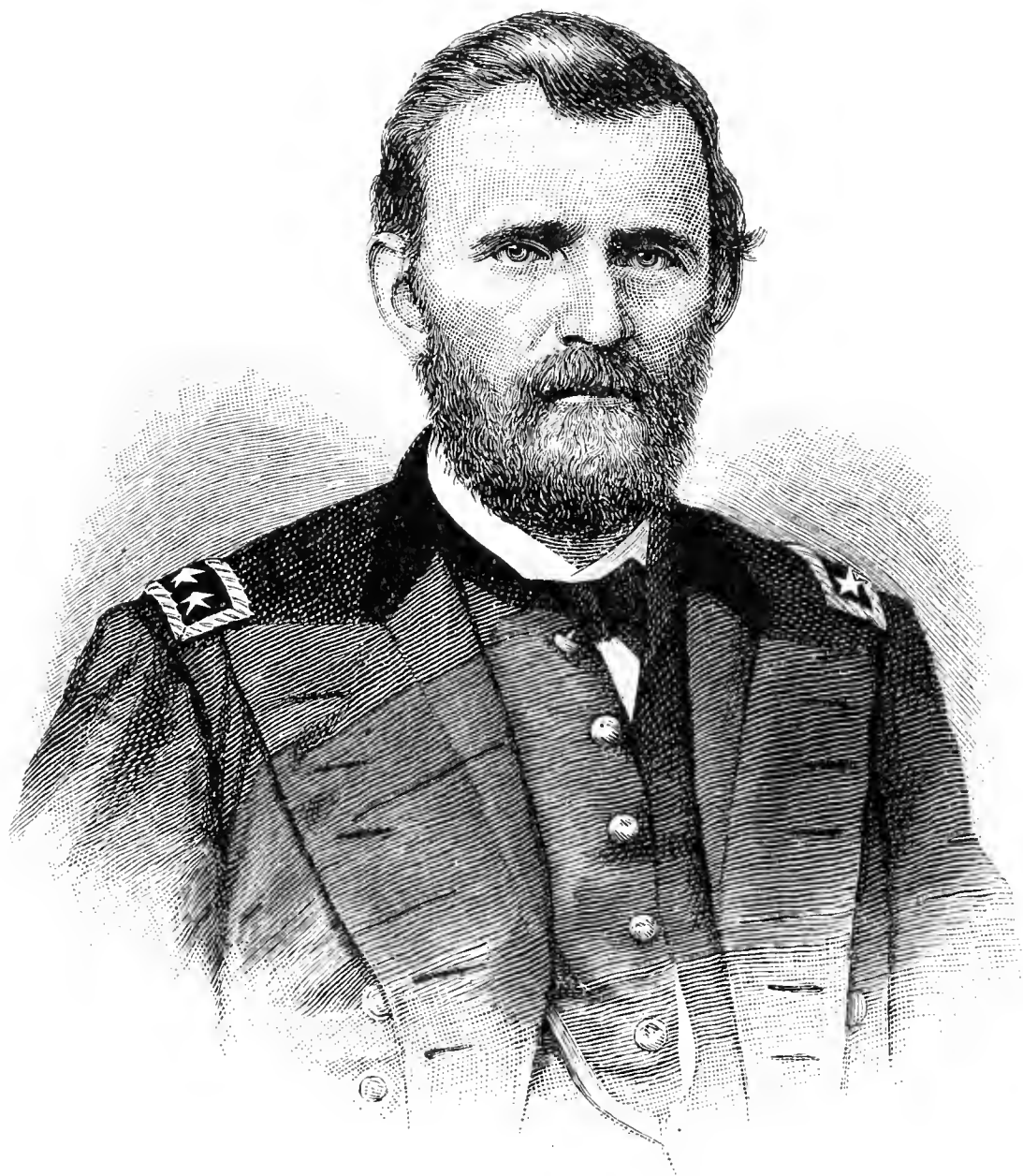
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GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

THE STORY OF GENERAL GRANT.

I.

EARLY LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT.

IN this great land of ours there are many boys to-day in the schools who will become famous men. There are presidents of the United States, and senators, and soldiers, and authors. There are boys whose names will be known over the world and whose deeds will be praised long after they are gone. Who are these boys? Time alone will tell.

There is a far greater number who will not become great and famous, whose names and deeds will not be known far beyond their own homes. But this is true, every boy and girl can lead an honest, useful life, and can be a shining light within his own circle, whether it be large or small.

Nothing can inspire us to do great and noble things more than to read of those who have

done such things. I shall therefore give you in this little volume a short history of one whose name is everywhere known, and whose deeds will long be remembered.

Sixty years ago he was a school boy. The great world did not then know and he did not know that he was destined to do much toward saving his country, and then to be elected to the highest office in the nation.

Let us now begin the story. General Grant was born in a little town in Ohio, Point Pleasant, in Clermont County. Ohio has been the birthplace of more presidents than any other State except Virginia.

General Grant's father, whose name was Jesse Grant, came from Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. His father, Noah Grant, was a soldier in the Revolution. They moved to Ohio when Jesse was very young.

When he became a man he married Miss Hannah Simpson who had come from Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. Their first child was born April 27, 1822. They named him Hiram Ulysses. Hiram was the name of a king mentioned in the Bible; Ulysses was

the name of an ancient prince and hero of Greece.

The little house in which the boy was born was moved a few years ago to Columbus, the State capital, and placed in the fair grounds.

The year following the birth of their little boy the family moved to Georgetown, in Brown County, and it was here that the boyhood of our young hero was spent.

Ulysses' father was anxious to have his boy well educated; he sent him to school from the time he reached school age until he was seventeen.

The schools in those days were much poorer than our schools at present. But Ulysses Grant had acquired a fair education by the time he was seventeen; though he afterward said that he was always more fond of riding and driving horses than he was of studying. Indeed, one of the passions of his boyhood was his fondness for horses.

Various stories are told of his dealing with horses when a boy. When he was very young he became the horseman of the family, drawing the firewood, following the plow, and the like.

.

His father was a tanner as well as a farmer, but Ulysses did not like the tanning business; he preferred the outdoor work of the farm.

When about eight years old he set his heart on having a fine colt owned by a neighbor. His father offered the man twenty dollars for the colt, but he asked twenty-five. When the man was gone Ulysses begged his father to purchase the colt.

Mr. Grant was very willing to please his boy, but said the colt was not worth more than twenty dollars. However, he gave the boy twenty-five dollars and sent him for the colt, saying that he should first offer him twenty dollars; if he would not take that, offer twenty-two and a half, and if he still refused, he might give him the twenty-five.

Ulysses hastened to the neighbor with the money and said: "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer you twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that to give you the twenty-five."

You can easily guess how much the man received for his colt. The story got out among

the village boys, and it was a long time before Ulysses heard the last of it.

When he was about twelve years old an incident occurred that will illustrate the character shown by General Grant in after years. A circus came to the town, and one of the attractions was a trick-mule trained to throw its rider.

The manager offered a silver dollar to any one who would ride the mule around the ring. Several boys tried it and were thrown over the animal's head.

At length a sturdy little fellow stepped up and said he would like to try that mule. He held on bravely till almost around the ring when he was thrown like the rest. Jumping to his feet and throwing off his coat and hat he exclaimed, "I would like to try that mule again."

This time he faced the crupper, seized hold of the mule's tail, and coiled his legs around its body. The mule exhausted all its efforts to throw the rider but in vain.

The audience cheered and the lad won his dollar. That boy was Ulysses Grant, and the

incident reminds us of the same determined spirit he displayed many years later when commanding the American armies.

Ulysses Grant's father and mother were very kind to him; they never inflicted punishment upon him. There is no doubt that he was an obedient boy.

Many years afterward he said that he had never uttered a profane word in his life. He never would tell nor listen to vulgar or obscene stories. How many boys or men have such a clear record?

When not at work or at school he was allowed to hunt in the forest, fish or swim in the creek, or visit his friends far and near at his pleasure.

II.

GRANT AT WEST POINT.

WEST POINT is situated on the Hudson River, about fifty miles above New York City. It is a military school—that is, a school for

training boys to be soldiers. Those attending the school are called cadets.

Each member of Congress has the right to appoint a boy of his district to this school. Mr. Hamer, the member of Congress from the district of Ohio in which the Grants lived, had appointed another boy to the place; but this boy failed to pass the examination and Ulysses Grant was appointed.

At first he refused to go, fearing that he could not pass the examination; but his father insisted, and he went. It was not long until he was ready for the long journey.

He first took a steamboat on the Ohio River to Pittsburg, thence across the mountains to Harrisburg. From Harrisburg he took a railroad train to Philadelphia, where he spent several days with relatives.

It was a great thing for the lad to visit so large a city as Philadelphia. He had been to Cincinnati and Louisville, but these towns were not large at that time.

While at Philadelphia he visited all the most interesting places in the city. He was afterward described as a pure country boy, dressed

in homespun clothes, and his shoes were very heavy, with toes as wide as the soles. He spent a day or two in New York City, then proceeded up the Hudson River to West Point.

I have said that his parents gave him the name Hiram Ulysses; but he is known to the world as Ulysses S. Grant.

The change came about in this way. Before leaving home he had a trunk made, and the maker put his initials on it, "H. U. G."

When he saw the big letters, he said, "I won't have it so; it spells 'hug.' The boys would plague me about it." And he changed it and put the middle name first. In this way he signed his name when he reached West Point.

But it happened that the member of Congress who sent his name did not know his middle name, and thinking that it was the same as his mother's maiden name, wrote it "Ulysses Simpson Grant," and so it was recorded at West Point.

The boy found that it would be difficult to have it changed on the books, and he accepted it and ever after wrote it so.

General Sherman afterward said, "I remember seeing Grant's name on the bulletin board, where all the names of the new cadets were pasted. It was 'U. S. Grant.' A lot of us began to make up names to fit the initials. One said 'United States Grant.' Another, 'Uncle Sam Grant.' A third said 'Sam Grant.' That name stuck to him. He was often called "Sam Grant" by the other cadets from that time on.

There were many unpleasant things in the life of a cadet. He had to go through so much drilling; he had to get up at six o'clock in the morning in the winter and at five in the summer; he had to obey his teachers and superior officers, and to spend the time from morning till night in studies, and drills, and recitations. This was very hard for a boy used to the freedom of country life.

Ulysses Grant found it very hard at first, but in a few months he became used to it, and learned to like his new life.

Let me quote a few sentences from a letter he wrote his cousin after he had been in the place about four months:

“This is the most beautiful place I have ever seen. Here are hills and dales, rocks and river. From the window I can see the Hudson, that far-famed, beautiful river, with its bosom studded with hundreds of snowy sails.

“Over the river we are shown the house of Arnold, that base and heartless traitor to his country and his God.

“It seems but a few days since I came here. It is because every hour has its duty which must be performed. There is much to dislike, but more to like. I mean to study hard and stay, if possible.

“I have now been here four months, and have not seen a familiar face or spoken to a single lady. I wish some of the pretty girls were here. But I have seen great men, plenty of them. Let us see: General Scott, Mr. Van Buren, Washington Irving, and lots of other big bugs.

“If I were to come home with my uniform on, you would laugh. My pants set as tight to my skin as the bark to a tree. When I come home, the way I shall astonish you natives will

be curious. I hope you will not take me for a baboon."

The letter is a long one, and this is only a part of it. We see by it that our Ohio boy was learning to enjoy his new life as a cadet.

Ulysses S. Grant was a pretty good student, but never stood at the head of his class. He was very modest and rather backward.

He never engaged in anything bad, nor used impure or profane language, though he was very fond of sports. He had the highest regard for truth, and would never speak falsely even in jest.

In one respect young Grant surpassed all his companions—horsemanship. He was the most daring and successful rider in the academy.

III.

RETURNING WEST.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT spent four years at West Point. With all the hard study and other duties he had learned to like the place. It is an attractive place, indeed.

The academy is high on a bluff; and from it can be seen the beautiful, blue river, winding away among the hills until it is lost in the distance.

Then there was much in the daily life of the cadet to attract a boy. The long lines of white tents for camping out in summer, the roll of the drum, the bugle call—these and many other things were sure to touch a boy's heart.

One thing that Cadet Grant always liked was the cavalry drill—the drill on horseback. The infantry drill is the drill on foot.

Did you ever see a body of soldiers in uniform marching and keeping step? It reminds one of a great centipede. Then when they turn a corner it looks like a spoke in a great wheel. How beautiful it looks especially when they have shining muskets and swords.

Much of this drilling and marching comes in the daily life of the student at West Point.

Ulysses Grant learned to like to stay there, as we have said; but the time to leave had come. He had been there four years, and in all that time he had visited his people in Ohio but once.

They did not then take him for a baboon, as he feared. No, they said that he looked more manly than before.

On reaching home he went first to his dear mother. "Why, Ulysses," she said, her face shining with pride, "you've grown much straighter and taller." "Yes," he answered, "they teach us to be erect."

But this time he was to go forth as a young officer in the army. He was made a second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, and ordered to go to Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, Missouri. After spending some weeks at his home in Ohio, he went to St. Louis and began his soldier life.

Perhaps no young West Point graduate ever entered the army with less desire to remain in it than Grant. He felt that a soldier's life was distasteful to him.

His great desire was to become a professor in some college. But it was not left to him to choose his own future.

IV.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER IN LOVE.

ONE of the classmates of Ulysses Grant lived very near St. Louis. His name was Frederick Dent. The two boys became very good friends, and promised to visit each other.

Fred made good his promise and went with Ulysses to Ohio when they left West Point. Now it became very easy for Ulysses to return his visit, and he did so with a large per cent. of interest.

The Dents lived but a few miles from Jefferson Barracks, where he was stationed, and he soon became a frequent caller at their home.

There were several young people in the family, and they were so lively and jolly that the young soldier found it a very pleasant change from the dull life in camp.

Now Frederick Dent had a sister named Julia, a pretty girl of seventeen. It was not long until the young officer and Miss Julia Dent became very good friends.

They grew so fond of each other that their

greatest delight was to be together. They often drove over the hills together, or strolled along the woody lanes near Julia's home.

So it continued for many months. But they had not talked nor perhaps thought of what the future might be. They were simply happy in each other's company without hardly knowing why.

At this time there was much talk over the country about war with Mexico. Most people thought that war with that country was almost sure to come. The cause of it was this:

Texas was about to be admitted into the Union as one of the United States. But Texas had belonged to Mexico, and Mexico was not willing to allow it to enter our Union. The United States received Texas in March, 1845, and Mexico declared war on this country the next year.

Before the war began the president thought it best to send an army to Texas. The Fourth Infantry to which Grant belonged was ordered to go to New Orleans in July, 1844.

When this order came, he was away visiting in Ohio. He was soon informed by letter that

he was to go down the Mississippi River, and not back to St. Louis.

Then he thought of the lovely girl he had left far away in Missouri. He found out very suddenly that he was in love with her.

He hardly knew that before. Now he knew it, and how could he go so far away without telling her of his love? What could he do?

Well, we all know that when Grant decided to do a thing, he usually did it. He was now a man twenty-two years old and had plenty of courage.

Instead of going directly down the river, he made a long trip to St. Louis to see Julia Dent. He couldn't go to war till he saw his sweetheart.

When he rode up to her home, the family were just starting away to attend a wedding. Julia was in the carriage with her brother.

Ulysses asked her brother to ride his horse, while he took his place beside Julia in the carriage. That night as they drove through a lonely way he asked this charming girl if she would become his bride, and she answered, "Yes."

A few days later the young soldier bade her a fond goodby and went away—far away to the Southland. And now we come to the Mexican War.

V.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

BEFORE the Mexican War had closed Ulysses Grant became a captain; so we may now call him Captain Grant. I cannot attempt to give you a full history of this war. It lasted a little over a year; but as I have said, the soldiers were sent down into Texas before war was declared.

Captain Grant was one of the first sent there. He believed that it was his duty to obey the command of his country.

He was very brave and fearless in battle; but for two or three reasons we can readily believe that he did not go into this war very willingly.

First, he always believed the war an un-

just one, and that it should never have been made.

Second, he was not anxious for the honor and glory of victory, as many men are.

A third reason we can surmise was that he left behind his sweetheart, and was to see her but once in the next four years.

The general who was sent to command the army in Texas was Zachary Taylor, who afterward became President of the United States. The army was stationed in different parts of Texas for about a year before the war began.

Captain Grant wrote many letters to his friends describing the country. He speaks of the dense growth of tall prairie grass covering most of the country. He says that most of the country was very thinly settled; but there were numerous bands of wild Indians roving over the plains.

The thing that seems to have impressed him most was the great herds of wild horses. They were often seen in such large numbers that no one could count them.

Many of them were captured by means of

the lasso and sold to the soldiers by the captors. A good horse could be bought for three dollars. Five or six dollars was the price of the very best.

Captain Grant had three excellent horses at one time; but one day when his colored boy was leading them to water they all broke away and galloped off to the forest. He never found them.

Let us now hasten on to the story of the war. In the spring of 1846 General Taylor had two small battles with the Mexicans. This was near the mouth of the Rio Grande River.

After he had crossed that river and captured the town of Matamoras, he led his army westward to the city of Monterey.

This place was defended by several thousand Mexicans, and General Taylor found it much harder to capture than he had found Matamoras. The siege of Monterey continued for two days, when the town was captured.

An incident occurred during the siege that is very interesting. A portion of the American army had fought their way through the streets

almost to the plaza, a small park in the middle of the city. They then found that their ammunition was almost gone.

It was very dangerous to remain where they were, or to go back or forward. The only thing to do was to secure more ammunition and fight their way on through.

The colonel in command said, "Boys, I must send some one back to General Twiggs for ammunition. It's a dangerous job, and I don't like to order any man to do it. Who'll volunteer?" "I will," said Captain Grant.

"Good," said the Colonel, "you're just the man. Keep on the side streets and ride hard." Grant was the best horseman in the army. He leaped upon his horse and started amid the cheers of his comrades.

The ride was a most perilous one. Armed Mexicans were in every street. To save exposing his body above the back of his horse Grant swung himself down and held on with one foot back of the saddle and one hand wound in the horse's mane, guiding his course with the other hand.

Hanging thus he rode at full speed, his

horse leaping a four-foot wall. At every street-crossing the bullets whizzed past him; but he escaped and reached the American lines unharmed.

The town of Monterey was soon captured by the Americans. Some time after this the President of the United States, Mr. Polk, sent General Winfield Scott to Mexico to take general charge of the war. He was ordered to go by sea to Vera Cruz and from there to proceed into the heart of the country.

A large number of the soldiers in the command of General Taylor was now sent to join General Scott. Among these was Captain Grant. But, strictly speaking, he was not yet a captain. He had been made quartermaster by General Taylor and continued in this position under General Scott.

The quartermaster of an army is the one who looks after the supplies of food and ammunition. One holding this office is not obliged nor expected to engage in fighting; but when a battle was in progress, Grant was always found at the front fighting as bravely as the bravest.

General Scott captured Vera Cruz on March 29, 1847.

In April he began his march up the mountains toward the City of Mexico. It was one of the greatest marches in history. The road on which they traveled is said to be the one made by Cortez, the Spanish conqueror of the country of more than three centuries before.

The commander of the Mexican army was General Santa Anna. He had been defeated in February by General Taylor in the battle of Buena Vista.

Collecting his scattered forces, he now met General Scott in a mountain pass called Cerro Gordo.

Santa Anna had placed his cannon along the narrow road half-way up the mountain-side, with chasms on the one side and vast mountain-walls on the other. He thought his position a safe one; but Scott led his army silently by night up the mountain slopes and gained the rear of the enemy.

Santa Anna was greatly surprised at this movement. The Americans not only won the battle, but took three thousand prisoners.

Scott's army swept on like a tidal wave, capturing everything before it. At midsummer they came to the summit of the mountains.

And now they opened their eyes upon one of the grandest scenes in the world—the panorama of the Mexican Valley—the mountain peaks that seemed to pierce the skies, crowned with perpetual snow; the long slopes covered with the luxuriance of a tropical summer; the sleeping valley with its sunlit lakes, and the City of the Montezumas nestled in the midst!

VI.

CLOSE OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

SCOTT'S army halted for some weeks on the mountains waiting for recruits. In August they made a descent into the valley toward the capital city. But before they could capture the city they had to meet the Mexican army in several severe engagements.

In these Captain Grant was always at the

front. He wrote home to his father: "I do not mean you shall ever hear of my shirking my duty in battle. My post of quartermaster is considered to afford an officer an opportunity to be relieved from fighting, but I do not and cannot see it in that light. You have always taught me that the post of danger is the post of duty.

Grant was in all the battles in the Mexican War except Buena Vista. The officers speak of him as one of the bravest of the brave. We would hardly have expected so good a record from one not inclined by nature to a life of warfare.

After this war Grant said to a friend: "It was a mere accident that put me in the army. I had not much fight in me, and did not wish to go to war. I thought of being a teacher or a farmer, and thought of going to sea; but of all possible futures that I dreamed of before going to West Point, being a soldier was not one of them."

General Scott soon captured the City of Mexico, and the war was over. By the treaty of peace signed in 1848, California, which

had belonged to Mexico, now came into possession of the United States.

Most of the soldiers went home soon after the war closed, but Captain Grant with a few others remained for several months. Grant made during this time a study of the birds of the country.

He examined more than two hundred different kinds and wrote much about them to his friends in Ohio, and especially to his girl in Missouri. He said that the birds of Mexico are not such sweet singers as those at home; but they are far more beautiful in colors.

In the spring of 1848 Captain Grant joined a party to ascend the great volcano, Popocatepetl, a big word and hard to pronounce; but the volcano is bigger than its name, and harder to climb than the word is to pronounce.

You can find it in your geography. It is about ten miles from the city of Mexico, and is almost eighteen thousand feet high. The upper part is without trees or grass of any kind, and is covered with snow all the year round.

The party started on horseback from a little

village at the base of the mountain. They had guides and two pack-mules. Sometimes the path was very narrow. On the one side was a wall, on the other a deep chasm. They had to choose their way with great care.

One of the pack-mules, with two sacks of barley almost as big as itself on its back, fell over the precipice. It rolled over and over down the slope until it reached the bottom hundreds of feet below.

They all thought the animal dashed to death; but a few hours later it came walking up the path as though nothing had happened. The driver had found it at the bottom alive and scarcely injured. The bags of barley had protected it.

Far up the mountain side the party came to a small deserted house with one room. Here they spent the night. They had now gone so far up that the tropical summer was left behind, and frigid winds howled about them all night.

Next morning they proceeded on their upward journey; but they had to go on foot; their horses could go no farther. Soon they were above the clouds.

The wind was most violent and dashed the snow into their faces until they could scarcely see their way. So they continued for some hours; but when they found that they could not reach the summit that day, they decided to return, and by night they had reached the land of birds and flowers.

They next visited the great caves of Mexico, about ninety miles from the capital city. They chose the largest cave, and explored it for three miles. It is one of the greatest caves in the world.

The stalactites hanging from above and the stalagmites rising from the floor presented a gorgeous and beautiful appearance when lit up by the rockets the party had with them. Soon after this Captain Grant returned to the United States.

VII.

A FEW YEARS OF PEACE.

It would not be hard to guess what Captain Grant did when he returned to his own coun-

try. You remember that just before he went away to the South he had asked Miss Julia Dent to become his wife.

In the four years that had passed since then he had seen her but once. Now he hastened to her home, and they were quietly married.

What can a soldier do when there is no war? Those known as volunteers are usually discharged, and they return to their homes and become private citizens. Those belonging to the regular army are stationed at various places throughout the country.

Grant belonged to the regular army. Soon after his marriage he was sent to Sackett's Harbor in New York.

He took his young wife with him, and here they spent about six months, when he was transferred to Detroit, Michigan. They spent two uneventful years in Michigan, when the order came for him to move to the Pacific coast.

A soldier's life is often a very hard one, even in time of peace. Ulysses Grant did not wish to go so far, but he had to obey if he wished to remain with the army.

His family now consisted of a wife and baby boy, but he could not take them so far away; so he bade them a long good-by.

There was no Pacific Railroad at that time, and they had to go by water. They first went to New York and took a ship for the Isthmus of Panama.

Grant had the greatest difficulty in crossing the Isthmus. He was still quartermaster and had to manage everything. They crossed for the most part on pack-mules, and it took several weeks waiting to secure enough to carry his regiment.

There were a good many women and children in the company, some of the soldiers having taken their families. While waiting, the cholera broke out among them, and their condition was dreadful.

Grant was most active and faithful in caring for the sick. But with all his care, one-third of them died before they could get away from that unhealthy climate.

Once across the Isthmus, they took another ship on the broad Pacific for San Francisco. They reached the Golden Gate in September.

San Francisco was a lively place at that time. It was a few years after the discovery of gold in California.

The miners would come to the city to sell their gold-dust and to have a good time as they called it. Many of them were rough and reckless men, and they gambled away all they had made before going back to the mines.

Captain Grant and his regiment were soon ordered to the Columbia River in Oregon Territory. Here farm products were so high in price that Grant and a few other officers decided to try farming.

They purchased a team of horses, plowed a large piece of ground, and planted it in potatoes. They raised a large crop, but made no money by the venture.

It happened that many others had engaged in the same business, and the potato crop was so great that not half of them could be used.

Grant was again transferred and put in charge of the post at Humbolt Bay, California.

There being no prospect of his promotion, he grew tired of the idleness of such a life,

decided to resign from the army, to join his family at St. Louis and become a farmer.

He resigned and returned East by way of New York, reaching St. Louis in August, 1854.

When he joined his family, he saw, for the first time, his second son, who had been born while he was on the Isthmus of Panama.

Mrs. Grant owned a little farm near St. Louis. On this farm they built a small house and moved into it.

The young soldier was not very well fitted for farming, though he had learned a good deal about it in Ohio when a boy. But he might have succeeded fairly well, as he was very industrious, but for the fact that he was attacked by the fever and ague. This gave him a great deal of trouble.

In 1858 he left the farm and became a partner in a real-estate office with a relative in St. Louis.

In this business he was not successful. He gave it up and went to Covington, Kentucky, to consult with his father, who now lived in that city.

Mr. Jesse Grant at that time owned a store at Galena, Illinois, which was managed by two of his other sons. Ulysses, therefore, moved with his family to Galena, and here they were at the outbreak of the Rebellion in 1861.

VIII.

BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

A WILD cry spread over the North in April, 1861. Fort Sumpter had been fired on, and the cry was, "To arms! to arms!"

For many years trouble had been brewing between the northern and southern parts of our country on account of the hated slavery question.

At last the election of Lincoln caused an open revolt, and the Southern States seceded one by one from the Union.

The object of the South was to set up a government of its own; and had they succeeded, this country would have been divided in the middle from east to west.

President Lincoln decided that he must save

the Union at all hazards, so that this great country which our fathers had loved so well should be preserved for our children.

Fort Sumpter was on a little island off the coast of South Carolina. The State, demanding the surrender of the fort and being refused, fired upon it, and the great Civil War was begun.

The President called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to put down the rebellion, and so hearty was the response that he had more than enough in a very few weeks.

In the awful war of four years that followed many thousands of brave men were buried in unknown graves in the sunny South. On the other hand, some won fame and honor until the whole world praised them for what they did.

The one who won the highest fame of all and the greatest honor on the battlefield was an obscure clerk in his father's store at Galena, Illinois.

The three greatest soldiers of the Civil War had all come from Ohio—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan.

In this little book I cannot give a history of the war. I shall attempt to give only a brief outline of the career of Ulysses Grant, the subject of this sketch.

We have dwelled longer on the early part of his life because it is less known than the latter part, and because this is written for young readers. The rest of his life reads like a romance. The rise of Grant was one of the wonders of the time.

What dreamer would have predicted that this unknown clerk, whose life had been almost a failure, would have commanded, within three years, a greater army than Napoleon ever commanded?

What dreamer would have predicted that he would be, within eight years, President of the United States! and would afterward receive honor from the kings and rulers of the world as no other American had ever received! All this came to pass.

When the President's call reached Galena, a public meeting was held, and Captain Grant was chosen to preside. He afterward accompanied the volunteers to Springfield.

Here he was appointed colonel of an Illinois regiment of volunteers by Mr. Yates, governor of the State. He was the first to sign Grant's commission.

Years afterward he said, "It was the most glorious day of my life when these fingers signed that commission."

When Colonel Grant was to take charge, John A. Logan and others addressed the men. Then there were calls for Grant to speak.

He greatly disliked to speak to an audience, but they kept calling for him and he went before them.

His speech contained only four words. They were these: "Go to your quarters." The men were pleased with his short, business-like manner. They saw that there was no bluster about him.

It would take a large volume to tell all that Grant did during the war. We can only follow his general movements and give an incident here and there.

After a few months' camping and marching in Missouri he was ordered to take charge at

Cairo, Illinois, and was made a general ; so we may now call him General Grant.

His first battle was at Belmont, some miles down the Mississippi, on the western bank of the river. He won the battle, but had a narrow escape from being killed.

Just after the battle he was riding along through a cornfield when he came suddenly upon a body of the enemies' cavalry only a few rods away.

The commander of the cavalry said, "There's a Yankee, if you want to try your aim." But they did not know it was Grant as he had not on the general's uniform, and no one fired at him ; they were firing at the boats in the river.

Grant turned his horse and galloped away to the river, where his men were waiting for him in a boat. He rode down the high and steep river-bank and over a narrow plank into the boat.

On reaching the boat he went up into the captain's room and lay down on a sofa. In a few minutes he arose, and the next instant a bullet whizzed into the room, went through

the head of the sofa, and buried itself in the foot. Had the general remained there a moment longer, he would have been killed.

IX.

FORT DONELSON AND PITTSBURG LANDING.

AT the beginning of February, 1862, General Grant, with an army of nearly twenty thousand men, was moving up the Tennessee River through Kentucky. There was a Confederate fort on that river called Fort Henry.

When we speak of Confederate forts or armies, we mean those belonging to the South, because the seceded States called themselves "The Confederate States of America."

The Northern armies were called the Union or Federal armies. Fort Henry was captured without much fighting, and Grant's army moved across the country to the more important Fort Donelson.

The Tennessee River, rising in western Virginia, crosses the State of Tennessee, makes a great curve through northern Alabama, crosses

Tennessee again, and flows through western Kentucky into the Ohio. At some points the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers are but a few miles apart.

Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, but twelve miles from Fort Henry on the Tennessee, was one of the most important strongholds in the South. If this could be captured by the Union army, it would open a large portion of the Mississippi Valley to the North.

General Grant believed the fort could be taken, and led his army to the siege. During that march of twelve miles many of the soldiers threw away their overcoats and blankets.

The weather had been very mild, and they thought that it would always be so in the South. But a sudden change came. The ground was frozen solid in a night, and there was much suffering among the soldiers.

There were nearly twenty thousand men in Fort Donelson; but they stood the siege only a few days when General Buckner, who commanded the fort, sent to Grant asking what terms of surrender he would give.

Grant answered that nothing would do but unconditional surrender. This became one of his famous sayings, and he was sometimes called "Unconditional Surrender" Grant, the initials "U. S." being the same as those of his right name.

The fort soon surrendered, and all its stores, arms, and ammunition fell into the hands of General Grant.

This was the first great victory of his life, and the name of Grant now began to be heard on all sides from one end of the country to the other.

After the fall of Fort Donelson the Union army moved southward through Tennessee until it came early in April to a place on the Tennessee River called Pittsburg Landing—that is, a landing for boats on the bank of the river. It was near the northern boundary of Mississippi.

Here was fought one of the greatest battles of the war. It is sometimes called the battle of Shiloh, after a little church of that name around which the battle raged.

General Albert Sidney Johnston with a large

Confederate army had come northward to meet the Union forces.

It was Sunday, April 6, 1862. The southern skies were bright and serene that morning, and the little birds were singing gaily among the trees.

The terrible work of the day began about sunrise. First came the clang of arms and the marshalling of soldiers. Then a few shots were fired, then more and more, until there was one continuous roll, and no ear could distinguish one from another.

So it continued all day till nightfall; but neither side gained a victory.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, while General Johnston, commander of the Southern army, was riding in the midst of the battle cheering his men, he was struck in the thigh by a musket ball.

His life might have been saved had he immediately sought a surgeon; but he kept on cheering his soldiers. Soon his voice weakened and his face turned deadly pale. He was then taken to the rear; but it was too late. In a few minutes he was dead.

The South suffered a great loss in the death of General Johnston. Some think that he was the ablest of all the southern generals. His army now passed into the command of General Beauregard the man who had fired on Fort Sumpter the year before.

When the battle opened in the morning, General Grant was not present. He had spent the night at Savannah, a few miles down the river.

He arrived on the field early in the forenoon and spent the day riding from one division of the army to another, planning and cheering on the officers and soldiers. When night came, no victory had been won, and both armies rested on the field ready to renew the fight next morning.

The second day of the battle of Shiloh was almost as severe as the first; but the contest was now unequal. Generals Bucl and Lew Wallace had arrived during the night, each with several thousand men, to the aid of Grant.

Early in the afternoon the Confederates began to give way, and before night they were in

full retreat toward Corinth, Mississippi, a town twenty miles away. This was the second great victory for General Grant in the Civil War. But he was never so highly praised for this victory as for the capture of Fort Donelson.

It was claimed that he was not well prepared for the battle at Pittsburg Landing, and that he should have been on the ground at the beginning and not several miles away spending the night in the city. It took him more than a year to regain his popularity.

X.

VICKSBURG AND CHATTANOOGA.

THE most important stronghold in the South was Vicksburg. The city is situated on a great bend in the Mississippi, some hundreds of feet above the river on the eastern bank.

The leaders of the Confederacy believed that the city could not be captured; but General Grant and his principal adviser General Sherman thought it possible to capture the

place and thus open the great river to northern commerce.

On leaving Pittsburg Landing the army had little to do but drill for some months. Thus passed the summer, with a small battle now and then.

In the autumn General Grant led his army down the Mississippi with a view of capturing Vicksburg.

The winter months were spent above the city, but there being no opportunity to do what he had aimed to do from that position, the general now decided to run the batteries and attack the city from below.

This was a most dangerous thing to do. All along the river bank were planted batteries, tier above tier, with frowning cannon to guard the river.

It was about the middle of April, 1863, a year after the battle of Shiloh, when one dark night the boats started down the river.

There were several gunboats, built mostly of iron, and three transports, smaller boats, built of wood. They floated down the river silently, hoping to get past unseen. But when

opposite the city about midnight, they were discovered, and the batteries opened on them a furious fire.

The scene was one of unusual grandeur. The river was lit up with the burning powder until it seemed like daylight.

The gunboats were often struck by the cannon balls, but escaped with little damage. Of the transports, two were much disabled, but escaped total destruction, while the third, called the "Henry Clay," was set on fire and burned to the water's edge.

The army of General Grant was now below the city, but they had some serious work to do before settling down to the siege—to secure a base of supplies, and to drive back an army that had come to meet them.

To do this required a month, and in that month three battles were fought—the battles of Raymond, Jackson, and Champion Hills. In all these Grant was successful.

By the middle of May the army from the North had settled about the doomed city in dark and threatening lines. The cry soon arose: "Storm the works, storm the works."

General Grant was a cool-headed business man, and not the one to yield to any thoughtless popular demand; but on this occasion he thought, perhaps, the city could be taken by one grand assault, and so decided to storm the works.

The twenty-second of May was the day chosen for the great assault. The advance was made at ten o'clock in the morning. But General Pemberton from behind the works met Grant's army with a most deadly fire.

Column after column of Federal soldiers bravely advanced, only to be swept down by the terrific fire of the enemy. Thus it continued all day, and when night came the Union army had won nothing; but they had lost nearly three thousand men!

General Grant now saw that the city could not be taken by direct assault, and a regular siege was begun, which continued for six weeks.

During this time the Union soldiers worked like marmots, digging into the earth undermining the Confederate works, while the crack of the rifle from the picket lines and the roar

of an occasional cannon never ceased day nor night.

Across the river were stationed several batteries, and from these arose nightly the shrieking shells as they trailed like meteors across the sky and fell and burst within the city.

On the third of July a white flag was seen waving above the parapet. Men were sent to inquire its meaning, and they found that two of Pemberton's staff had been sent to confer with the Union commander.

The two were blindfolded and brought within the Union lines to General Grant. They explained that they were sent to confer concerning the surrender of the city. The people were in a starving condition and could hold out no longer.

Arrangements were soon made, and the next day, the fourth of July, was celebrated by the fall of Vicksburg, with its thirty thousand soldiers, into the hands of the Federal army.

Slowly and sadly the troops who had defended the city so long and so bravely came forth and laid down their arms.

Then began a march of several days along

the country roads—long lines of gray guarded by long lines of blue—those in blue flushed with victory, those in gray being prisoners of war. Yet there were no jeers nor insults offered by the victors; but many were the acts of kindness and expressions of brotherly esteem.

At the same time as the surrender of Vicksburg the news of the great victory at Gettysburg was flashed over the country, and the general belief took possession of the people that the Southern cause was lost and the Union would be saved.

The great work on the Mississippi had now been done, and “the Father of Waters flowed unvexed to the sea.” But a few hundred miles from Vicksburg, at Chattanooga, Tennessee, the Union forces had met with disaster.

The battle of Chickamauga had been fought and lost by General Rosecrans. The defeat of the Federal army would have been very disastrous indeed had it not been for the brave stand made by General Thomas, who was afterward called “The Rock of Chickamauga.”

After this battle Rosecrans’ army was hem-

med in the town of Chattanooga with little to eat, while ten thousand of their horses had starved to death.

General Rosecrans was now relieved of the command, and General Grant appointed to take his place.

Chattanooga is situated on the southern bank of the Tennessee River, in a beautiful valley between Missionary Ridge on the east and Lookout Mountain on the west, and is not far from the northern boundary of Georgia.

Missionary Ridge is a succession of lofty hills with a trend north and south, and approaches within half a mile of the river.

Lookout Mountain is a rugged steep two thousand feet high, with its trend in the same direction. Its northern extremity is washed by the Tennessee River, which sweeps in a great curve to the base of the mountain.

Far up toward the summit of this mountain was encamped a large portion of General Bragg's army overlooking the town of Chattanooga, whilst the remainder occupied Missionary Ridge.

General Grant had decided that Lookout

Mountain must be captured from the enemy, and General Hooker was chosen for the arduous task; at the same time Sherman was to charge upon Missionary Ridge.

November 24 was the day fixed for the storming of Lookout Mountain.

Slowly the blue lines of soldiers were seen winding up the mountain-side, hidden now and then by trees or jutting crags. They reached the summit and there a fierce battle was fought.

During part of the day a mist enveloped the top of the mountain, so that nothing could be seen from the valley below.

This battle of Lookout Mountain has been called the battle above the clouds. Hooker was successful in getting possession of the mountain summit; but the work was but half done.

Missionary Ridge, which had been stormed the same day by General Sherman, was still in the hands of the enemy at nightfall.

Another hard day's fighting was required to gain possession and to drive the enemy from his stronghold. By the end of the second day

the victory was complete, and all of Missionary Ridge was in the hands of the Union army.

During this battle, as also that of Lookout Mountain, General Grant stood on Orchard Knob, near Chattanooga, directing all the general movements of the armies.

The change in the condition of the Northern troops in and near Chattanooga within a short time after Grant took charge was very marked. Before he came they were defeated and discouraged; within a few weeks after he became their commander they were rejoicing over victory.

The credit for this great change was awarded to General Grant. This success was now coupled with his great work at Vicksburg, and he became the most famous general in the United States.

The eyes of the whole country were turned upon him. His fame spread beyond the seas as one of the greatest generals of modern times. But with all this he was as quiet and modest as ever. Not a word of boasting escaped his lips.

He was described by one of his staff as a

man of slim figure, rather stooped, weighing less than a hundred and fifty pounds, always cheerful, and having dark, gray eyes and a low musical voice.

A motion was passed in Congress in February, 1864, to revive the rank of Lieutenant-General, which had been unused for more than half a century. It was also decided to place all the armies of the United States under the command of one man.

The man selected for this new honor and this new responsibility was General Ulysses S. Grant.

XI.

FROM THE WILDERNESS TO APPOMATTOX.

THE rank of lieutenant-general had been held by only one person in our history before it was conferred on Grant. That was Washington. It is one grade higher than the rank of Major-General and next to the highest that can be given, the very highest being simply "General."

As soon as the new honor had been conferred on General Grant he was called to Washington. He and President Lincoln had never met. Soon after his arrival in the capital city, he attended a public reception at the White House.

President Lincoln was busy shaking hands with the people when he looked over the crowd and exclaimed,

“Why, here is General Grant! Well, this is a great pleasure, I assure you.”

He stepped forward and seized the general's hand, and the two stood for some minutes talking.

There was eight inches difference in height between them, and it looked odd to see them standing together. The crowd was now dense, and the people began to become excited when they found that the hero of Vicksburg was among them. They began to cheer and cry, “Grant!” “Grant!” “Grant!”

Owing to the general's low stature it was difficult to see him, and he was induced to stand on a sofa. It was thought that when the people had a good look at him they would

retire, but now they began to shake hands with him and it was more than an hour before he could get away and have a talk with the president.

Let us now hasten on to the last great scenes of the Civil War. General Grant, who was now commander of all the armies of the United States, left General Sherman to continue in the West and decided to take command in person of the army of the Potomac in Virginia.

This army had been first under the command of General McClellan. It had also been led by Generals Pope, Burnside and Hooker, but was now commanded by General Meade, who had won the great victory at Gettysburg the summer before.

General Grant now hastened to Virginia and took personal charge of the army of the Potomac. It was a great army of more than a hundred thousand men; but the Southern army, commanded by General Robert E. Lee, was almost as great.

These two vast armies now stood face to face like two ferocious tigers ready to leap upon each other in deadly combat.

On the fifth and sixth of May, 1864, occurred the two days' fight known as the battle of the Wilderness, and a week later the battle of Spottsylvania.

These were dreadful scenes of strife, and the loss on both sides was very great. I shall spare the reader the details of these bloody scenes.

General Grant had a thorough knowledge of the great work before him. His aim was to destroy Lee's army and capture the Confederate capital, Richmond. It was thought that this would bring peace sooner than anything else. To this end he bent every energy.

It was about this time that he wrote to Washington, "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." He said to a friend, "I shall take no backward step." And so he pressed on to the goal, taking no backward step, till his object was gained.

President Lincoln said of him: "Grant is the first general I have had. You know how it has been with all the rest. As soon as I put a man in command of the army, he would come to me with his plans, as much as to say, 'Now,

I don't believe I can do it, but if you say so, I'll try,' and so put the responsibility on me. They all wanted me to be the general. Now, it isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know and I don't want to know. I'm glad to find a man that can go ahead without me."

In time of battle Grant never became excited, never lost his head. He won the praise of all by his despatches. They were short, terse, and to the point, and not a trace of bluster or egotism can be found in them.

Another thing for which Grant was noted was his care of the wounded. It gave him the greatest pain to see men in agony, and he did all for them in his power.

One day while riding along he saw a young soldier, only a boy, dying with a wound in his breast. A horseman had just galloped by and splashed mud in the boy's face. The general dismounted and tenderly wiped the mud from his face with his handkerchief.

Now we must mention a serious mistake made by General Grant, one that he regretted as long as he lived. It was the assault on Lee's

entrenchments at Cold Harbor on June the third.

Lee's army was behind a strong embankment when Grant ordered an assault. The result of the battle of Cold Harbor was awful. The Union army lost more than ten thousand men in a few minutes, while Lee's loss was less than a thousand.

General Grant now saw that Lee could not be captured by direct assault, and that it would take months of weary watching to do what he had to come to do.

Let us hasten over these months. He moved his army southward to near Petersburg, and here they waited and did but little during the fall and winter. This brings us to April, 1865, the fatal month for the Southern Confederacy.

General Lee had been guarding with great vigilance Richmond and Petersburg, but his men were almost destitute. Their clothes were in rags and they had little to eat.

There was now one hard battle fought on the first day of April, the battle of Five Forks, in which General Sheridan was the hero. This

broke Lee's lines and hopelessly scattered his forces. The next day Grant took possession of Richmond and Petersburg.

It was Sunday morning, and Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, was in church when he received a message from Lee that Richmond must be surrendered. He arose, left the church, and soon fled from the city. He was afterward taken captive.

Lee now made a desperate effort to lead his broken forces southward to join the army of General Johnston, but soon he found out that it was too late.

Grant's army was in hot pursuit. The end came on the ninth of April. The two great generals met in a two-story brick house near the village of Appomattox, Virginia. Lee surrendered his whole army to Grant.

This ended the great Civil War, which had spread like a blighting pestilence over the land and brought woe to many a happy home. But the war with all its cost was a blessing to the nation.

Slavery had perished; and our country rose from that great conflict like a phoenix from

its ashes, with youth renewed and stronger than before.

Since then the North and the South have come to feel a common brotherhood as never before—and so may it ever be; may there be one grand harmony increasing with the years.

XII.

GENERAL GRANT BECOMES PRESIDENT.

NOTHING in the life of General Grant showed his greatness more truly than the way in which he received the surrender of the army of General Lee.

Many a one would have shown a proud and haughty spirit at such a time; but not so with Grant. He used the greatest care not to hurt Lee's feelings. Nor to the soldiers of Lee's army did he utter a harsh word.

On the other hand he fed them from his own stores, sent them home on parole, and allowed them to take their horses and mules with them to use on their farms.

The parole of soldiers is a promise not to

engage in the war again. If every one North and South had acted in the spirit of General Grant on this occasion, that bitter war-feeling would have died much sooner than it did.

The news that peace had come spread over the North, and shouts of gladness were heard on all sides. The name of General Grant was on every tongue.

Others had done much toward saving the Union and bringing back peace; but all agreed that General Grant did most of all.

Lest this narrative becomes too long, we must now pass over such interesting subjects as the grand review of the soldiers in Washington before being dismissed to their homes, the sad death of President Lincoln, the serious trouble President Johnson had with Congress in reconstructing the Southern States, and many other things.

After the death of Lincoln, General Grant was looked upon as the most honored citizen of the nation. When the presidential election drew near, both of the great political parties wished to make him a candidate for the office.

It was not at first known which party he

preferred. His father had been a Whig, but he himself had voted with the Democrats just before the war. At length he signified his preference for the principles of the Republican party, and was nominated by that party for the presidency against Governor Seymour of New York by the Democrats.

In his letter of acceptance, Grant used the words, "Let us have peace," and these words became the cry of the party during the campaign.

He now retired to his old home at Galena, Illinois, refusing to take any part in the campaign. He was elected by a very large majority, and inaugurated President of the United States on March 4, 1869.

During President Grant's first term he made a good many enemies in his own party. These banded together, called themselves the Liberal Republican Party, and nominated Horace Greeley, the great New York editor, for the presidency. The Democrats also voted for Mr. Greeley; but Grant was again elected by a great majority.

Very briefly can we dwell in these pages on

the events of Grant's administration. In 1869 the Pacific Railroad was completed, and one can now travel from ocean to ocean in a shorter time than it took to go from Boston to Philadelphia in old colonial days.

One of the inventions of this period is among the most important of modern times—the telephone, by which one can converse with another hundreds of miles away.

Perhaps the most important occurrence in our foreign relations was the Treaty of Washington. This was effected at Washington City in 1871 between the United States and Great Britain.

This treaty provided among other things that a committee of five should meet and settle the Alabama claims.

During the war a number of Southern vessels that preyed upon our commerce had been fitted out in England.

The chief of these was the Alabama. The United States demanded pay for this, and the five men met at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1872, and awarded this country fifteen and a half million dollars in payment for the damage done.

The most memorable event in President Grant's administration was the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia in 1876. It was in this city that the Declaration of Independence had been passed a hundred years before.

A great nation had grown from the original thirteen States in the century that had passed, and now it was fitting that a great celebration be held in the city in which Independence had been born.

XIII.

TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

GENERAL GRANT was better fitted for the duties of a soldier than for those of President. He had never studied the science of government, and was not well adapted to dealing with politicians and office seekers.

He was so honest that he too readily believed in the honesty of others and trusted men who were unworthy of trust, and numerous scandals were brought to light during his second term. He made many enemies; but all our presidents have done that.

Soon after he retired from office he started on a tour around the world, and was absent a little over two years.

He was received in foreign lands with such marks of honor as to make every American feel proud that so distinguished a person was an American.

In England he dined with the Queen and with many other prominent people. Great crowds gathered to see him wherever he went.

In Ireland a little girl called out from the crowd and asked him to give her love to her aunt who was in America.

In every city he visited, the people would gather by thousands to cheer and welcome him.

In one place they took the horses from his carriage and the men drew it through the streets amid the cheering multitude.

He visited France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Russia, and, indeed, all the European countries. In every one he was received by those high in authority—kings, queens, princes, and rulers—with the highest marks of honor.

As the cold season approached the party went south and spent the winter in Egypt and Palestine. The next summer was passed in northern Europe, after which the general went to the far East.

He visited India, Siam, China, and Japan. The honor shown the great general in these Oriental countries was even greater than that shown in Europe.

After more than two years spent in foreign travel, General Grant, with his wife and son who were with him, embarked on a steamship for home.

They crossed the Pacific Ocean and reached San Francisco in September, 1879.

His coming was announced by drums and bands of music and the boom of cannon. A fleet of vessels went out into the bay to meet him.

From here he proceeded eastward across the continent to Philadelphia, from which city he had started.

Thus he had gone around the world, and had received greater honor in foreign lands than any other American had ever received.

The next year his friends attempted to nominate him again for president, but they were not successful.

General Grant now took up his residence in New York City. Here he engaged in business with a dishonest man and lost everything he had.

He was soon after put on the retired list as a general of the army. This gave him a fair salary, and everything seemed to point to a quiet, happy old age. But alas for human hopes!

In the fall of 1884 he felt a pain in the throat, which gave him trouble for some weeks before he gave it much thought. He was then examined by physicians, and it was found to be a cancer of the incurable sort.

For nine months the great conqueror struggled with the fatal disease, but nothing could check it.

He had begun to write out his experience, to be published for the benefit of his family. During his illness he continued this until it was completed.

It was published in two large volumes entitled "Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant."



TOMB OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

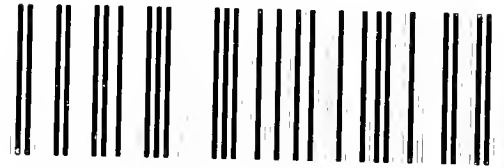
It is written in very modest and concise language. Mrs. Grant received nearly half a million dollars for it.

The general grew worse until July, 1885, when he was removed from his city home to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, New York.

Here it was his privilege to breathe the mountain air but a few days. On the twenty-third of the month he had to answer the call that comes sooner or later to all. On this day the great hero breathed his last.

His funeral took place in New York City and was attended by a million people. His body was laid to rest in Riverside Park overlooking the Hudson. Since then a magnificent monument has been erected to mark his burial place—one of the most beautiful in the world.

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